

William and Susan's

72

GARLAND;

Containing

Four good SONGS, viz.

1. Sweet William and Black-Ey'd Susan.
2. Sweet William's happy Return to Susan.
3. Sweet Susan's Loyalty rewarded.
4. The famous Scew Ball.



Warrington, Eyres, Printer.

Sweet WILLIAM
And Black-Ey'd SUSAN,

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black ey'd Susan came on board,
Oh! where shall I my true love find?
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
If my sweet William sails among your crew?

William, who high upon the yard,
Rock'd by the billows to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He sigh'd and cast his eyes below;
The cords slide swiftly thro' his glowing hands,
And quick as lightening on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark high pois'd in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast;
If chance his mate's shrill call he hears,
He drops at once into his nest,
The noblest captain in the British fleet,
Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
My vows shall ever true remain:
Let me kiss off that falling tear,
We only part to meet again:
Change as ye list, ye winds, my mind shall be,
The faithful compass that still points to thee,

Believe not what the landmen say,
 Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind,
 They'll tell thee, sailors when away,
 In every port a mistress find ;
 Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
 For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

If to fair India's coast we sail,
 Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,
 Thy breath in Africa's spicy gale,
 Thy skin is ivory so white ;
 Thus every beauteous object that I view,
 Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

Tho' battle calls me from thy arms,
 Let not my pretty Susan mourn ;
 Tho' cannons roar, yet free from harme,
 William shall to his dear return ;
 Love turns aside the bails that round me fly,
 Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
 The sails their swelling bosoms spread,
 No longer must she stay on board,
 They kiss'd, she sigh'd, he hung his head ;
 Her less'ning boat unwilling rows to land,
 Adieu ! she cries, and waves her lily hand.

Sweet William's happy Return to his dear
 Susan.

AS thro' a grove I pursu'd my way,
 Sweet recreation for to take,
 A charming maiden fair and gay,

For her true love sad moan did make,
 In a sweet bower, near a pleasant green,
 Drest like a goddess or beauteous queen.
 Unto this maid with sorrow fill'd,

I went to ease her of her smart;
 But when my person she beheld,

She said, kind sir, I pray depart,
 What business have you here to trouble me,
 Or to be scoffing at my misery?

Sweet lovely mistress of the grove,

Why should I make my scoff at thee?
 I do perceive that you are in love,

And I could wish it was with me.
 Sweet charming beauty tell to me thy name,
 For thy bright eyes my senses do inflame.

Susan, it is my name, said she,

Who am oppress'd with grief and woe;
 My dear love is gone to sea,

But where he is I do not know;
 My jewel's absence fills my eyes with tears,
 I have not seen him for these many years.

Kind Mrs. Susan, I protest

I think I know the same young man;
 He has a mole on his right breast,

Likewise his name is William Lamb,
 And if it be the same, I tell thee plain,
 That all your tears are spent in vain.

He is the man that is my dear,
 Pretty sweet Susan did reply;
 You make me tremble for to hear
 Of my true love's inconstancy:
 But surely such a thing can never be,
 For he admires none alive but me.
 That's your mistake, sweet charming fair,
 Since I will let you understand,
 William is marry'd I do declare
 Unto a maid in New England,
 And he is rais'd to a high degree,
 Forget him, for he has been false to thee.
 If that be true which you have said,
 Then all my joys are laid aside,
 I am a poor distressed maid,
 No other shall make me his bride;
 Tho' he is false, a maid I'll live and die,
 But yet my heart does in his bosom lie.
 All happiness attend my dear
 Where'er he goes by land or sea;
 My love to him is still sincere,
 Altho' he has prov'd false to me;
 Yet let sweet William use me as he will,
 I cannot help but love sweet William still.
 I could be glad with all my heart
 To see sweet William once again,
 Then I my mind would soon impart

To him who breaks my heart in twain:
 And she that is his bride I'll love her too;
 Tho' he be false my love to him is true.

Sweet Susan's Loyalty rewarded.

SEEING sweet Susan's loyalty,
 Tears down his cheeks did drop amain,
 Into her arms he straight did fly,

Saying, why does my love complain?
 I am thy William join'd to thee by oath;
 Nothing but death shall ever part us both.

My dear, behold on my right breast,
 You know there grows a certain mole;
 Let not thy heart be sore oppress'd,

Here is the broken piece of gold
 Which we did break upon a certain day,
 When you departed, and I went away.

Sorrow and hardship I went through,
 While I was on the raging main;
 Now to my dear beloved Sue,
 I am returned safe again:
 No more I'll cross the raging ocean wide,
 But live in pleasure with my loving bride.

Susan in a swoon did faint,
 At William's feet I do declare;
 He caught her up into his arms,
 Soon he reviv'd his charming fair.
 William and Susan sweetly pass'd along
 To Plymouth church, where multitudes did throng.

Twenty stout sailors brave and bold,
 And twenty maids in rich attire,

A glorious fight for to behold,
Music play'd at their desire,
To accommodate the bride and bridegroom there:
Now they are join'd a sweet and happy pair.

The famous SCEW BALL.

COME gentlemen sportsmen I pray listen all,
I will sing you a song in the praise of Scew Ball,
And how he came over you shall understand,
It was by 'squire Irwin the lord of our land.

And of all his late actions as he has done before,
He was lately challeng'd by one Sir Ralph Gore,
For five hundred guineas on the plain of Kildare,
For to run with Maid Sportly that charming grey
mare.

Scew Ball he then hearing the wager was laid,
Unto his kind master said, don't be afraid,
For if on my side thousands you will hold,
I will ring in your castle a fine mass of gold.

The day being come and the cattle walk'd forth,
The people came flocking from east, north & south,
For to view all the sporters as I do declare,
And ventured their money all on the grey mare.

'Squire Irwin then smiling and thus he did say,
Come gentlemen all who've got money to lay,

And you that's got hundreds I'll lay with you all,
I'll venture some thousands on famous Scew Ball.

'Squire Irwin then smiling and thus he did say,
Come gentlemen sportsmen to-morrow's the day,
Your horses, and saddles, and bridles prepare,
For we must away to the plain of Kildare.

The day being come and the cattle walk out,
'Squire Irwin he order'd his rider to mount,
And all the spectators for to clear the way,
The time being come not one moment's delay.

These cattle were mounted and away they did fly,
Scew Ball like an arrow put this Maid Sportly by:
The people went up for to see them round,
And they sware in their hearts that they ne'er
touch'd the ground.

As they were running about middle of the course
'Squire Irwin to his rider began this discourse,
O loving kind rider come tell unto me
How far is Maid Sportly this moment from thee.

O loving kind master you bear a great stile,
The grey mare is behind me a large English mile;
If your saddle maintains you I'll warrant you there,
You ne'er will be beat in the plain of Kildare:

But as she was running by the distance chair,
The gentlemen cry'd out Scew Ball never fear,
Altho' in this country thou wast ne'er seen before,
Thou hast beaten Maid Sportly and broke sir Ralph
Gore.

THE , END.

